

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 79 • 15th AUGUST 1970

PRICE 1/6 • 7.50 n.p.



The SECRET of the TROLLS



1. Many young knights and noblemen accepted the invitation of Lady Ulfstan to spend a week-end at her castle, and in the evening at a great feast she told them of things that were a great puzzle to her. First, there was her daughter—a pretty girl with such a bad temper no one could bear to go near her.

2. Secondly there was the mystery of the Trolls, who lived in a great cavern beneath the Magle Stone. She believed that there was a secret connection between them and her ill-tempered daughter. Her servant had not been able to find out because it was a dangerous place. At this brave young Sir Sten Boson stood up.



3. "I will visit this place you call the Magle Stone and see what I can find out, your ladyship," he declared boldly. And without wasting another moment he went down to the stable and saddled his horse. It was dark outside, the sky was starless and a keen wind swept whistling and howling over the fields. Shivering a little, Sir Sten made his way to the Magle Stone.



4. As he drew nearer to the giant piece of rock, he saw smoke coming from the ground beneath the stone. Then the knight heard a sudden crack like thunder and the ground shook beneath his feet. The huge Magle Stone rose of its own accord on four golden pillars and crimson flame came gushing out from underneath it. It was a scene to frighten even the bravest human being.



5. Slipping off his horse, Sir Sten went closer and came to a flight of steps leading down into a vast underground cavern. He could hear the murmuring of voices, and summoning all his courage he approached to find out what was causing it. "So this is the home of the Trolls—I must be careful," he said.



6. The darkness of the cave was pierced by the flames of a hundred blazing fires and in the flickering light Sir Sten saw swarms of Trolls. They were jumping up and down, swinging their arms and legs in a sort of dance as they drank wine from horns, which they waved above their heads, shouting all the time.



7. Sir Sten crept a little farther down the steps. One of the Trolls caught sight of him and stopped dancing to point at him. He gave a shout which brought other Trolls scurrying from behind rocks in the cave. Most of these carried stout wooden staves and they surrounded Sir Sten like a cloud of angry bees.

8. They crowded round the young knight, jostling and poking him and mocking him. "See what we have here—a gallant young adventurer from the world above," one of them cackled. "He has come to find out our secrets and he will know some of them right soon. Let the Troll-King decide what to do with him."

Next week you will see what happens to Sir Sten in the Land of the strange Trolls.



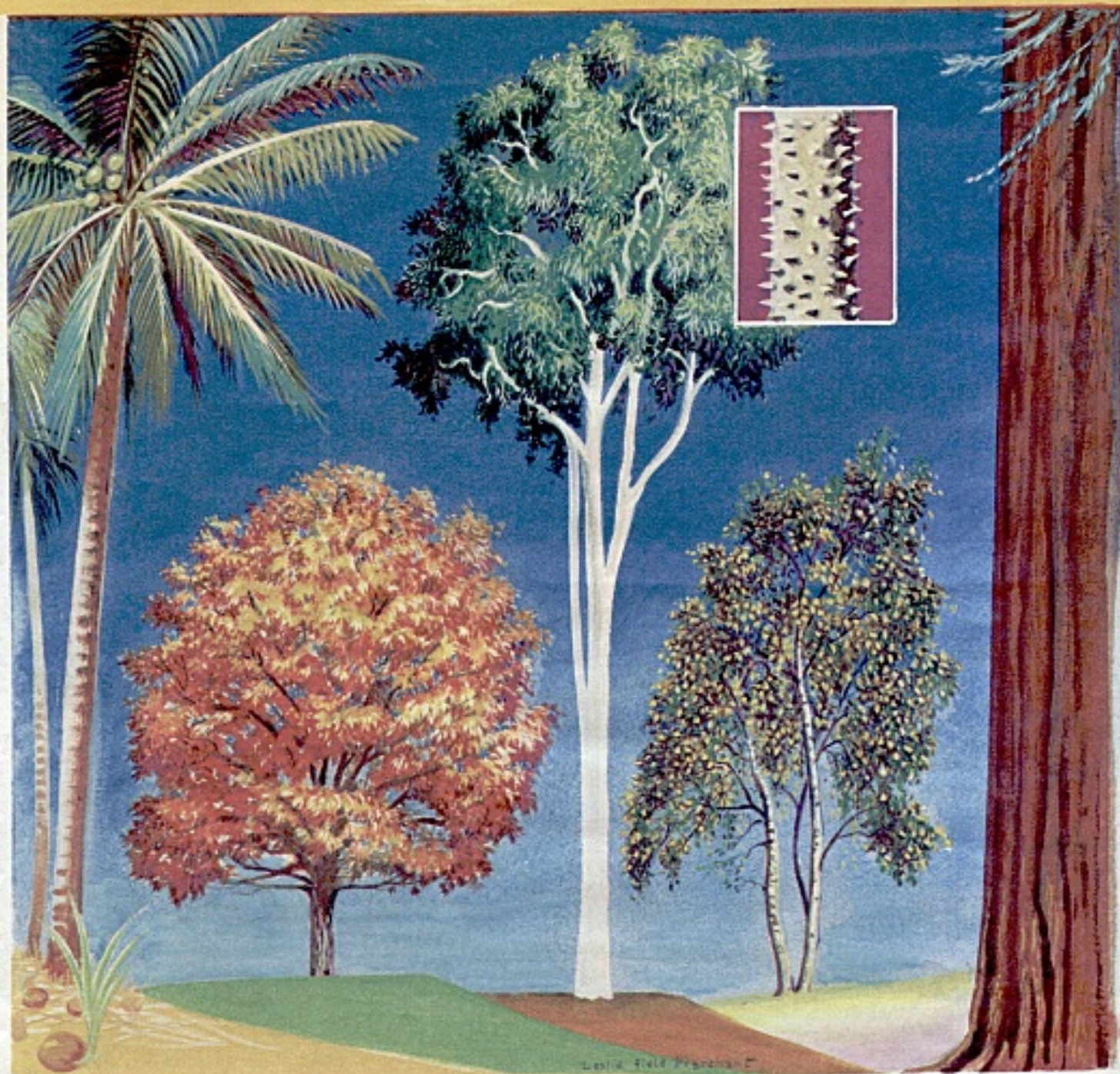
These are our Allsorts pages, in which we show you all sorts of very interesting things.
THIS WEEK:

All Sorts

Trees are our friends. They give shelter and protection and provide us with many things we need in our daily lives. The trees on this page, from left to right, are Oak, Beech, Lime and Norway Spruce.

Oak trees give us timber for boats and houses, cork, dyes and ink. Beech wood can be turned and bent to make chairs. Lime wood has no smell and is used for boxes. Paper is made from Spruce.





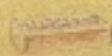
Leslie Field - Phoenix - AZ

of things from Trees

The trees on this page are Palm, Sugar Maple, Eucalyptus, Birch and the Giant Sequoia. We get over 800 products from Palm trees such as oil, wax, soap, sago, starch, cooking oil and basketware.

Sap from the Sugar Maple is collected and made into maple sugar. Eucalyptus trees give us hard timber. These trees only grow in Australia and Tasmania. Birch trees also provide good timber.

Giant Sequoia trees attract tourists to visit them and marvel at their size. In the small picture is a young Kapok tree. It is covered in sharp spikes and yet produces kapok, a soft packing material.





BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit and the Fountain of Youth . . . part 1

THINGS had been quiet and peaceful for such a long time that Brer Rabbit was beginning to feel rather bored. He hadn't played any tricks on anybody for quite a while and he thought life was very dull, so he took himself off for a walk.

Off he went along the road, lickety split, and the sun shone and the birds sang in the trees and soon Brer Rabbit gave a big yawn. He felt that he really must sit down in the soft grass and have a little rest.

It was even better stretched out on the grass in the sun and Brer Rabbit thought to himself that he did enjoy being lazy—but just then he happened to hear the sound of voices, so he picked himself up, brushed the grass off his clothes and peered down the road to see who was coming along.

They were the three rogues Brer Bear, Brer Wolf and Brer Fox. Brer Rabbit put

his head on one side and looked hard. "What a bunch of rascals," he said to himself, but he put a beaming smile on his face and went down the road towards them.

"Good morning," he said in the most polite and friendly way, when he came within talking distance. "What a fine morning for a stroll."

Brer Bear nodded. "It's a fine morning, Brer Rabbit," he said. "We were just saying how much we enjoyed feeling the warm sun again, after the Winter."

"That's so," put in Brer Wolf. "But a walk in the sun does make us feel tired and sleepy. Don't you find it so, Brer Rabbit? Why before we've gone very far we just want to sit down and have a rest. It must be because we're getting old."

"Oh, it doesn't bother me at all," said Brer Rabbit brightly, pretending he'd never even thought of having a rest. "On

a day like this I could walk for miles and never feel tired. But then, I never feel old."

Brer Fox put his head on one side and looked thoughtfully at Brer Rabbit. "You're very lucky if you never feel old, Brer Rabbit," he said. "You really must tell us your secret."

Brer Rabbit pretended to look rather bashful, just as though he'd let out a secret which he meant to keep to himself. "Oh, it's really nothing, Brer Fox," he said. "I'm sure you wouldn't be interested."

"Why I'm mighty interested, Brer Rabbit, and so are Brer Wolf and Brer Bear," said Brer Fox.

Brer Wolf and Brer Bear said they most certainly were and if Brer Rabbit had the secret of staying youthful, he had better share it with them.

"Well," said Brer Rabbit, dropping his voice to a whisper. "It all comes of

knowing the whereabouts of the Fountain of Youth and bathing in it regularly. I'll tell you, Brer Fox, I've never felt better in my life than since I discovered the Fountain of Youth. Meet me here tomorrow and I will take you there," he said. The other animals looked quite pleased at this, although they still pretended they didn't believe there was such a fountain, but if they had looked closely, they might have noticed a very suspicious twinkle in Brer Rabbit's eyes.

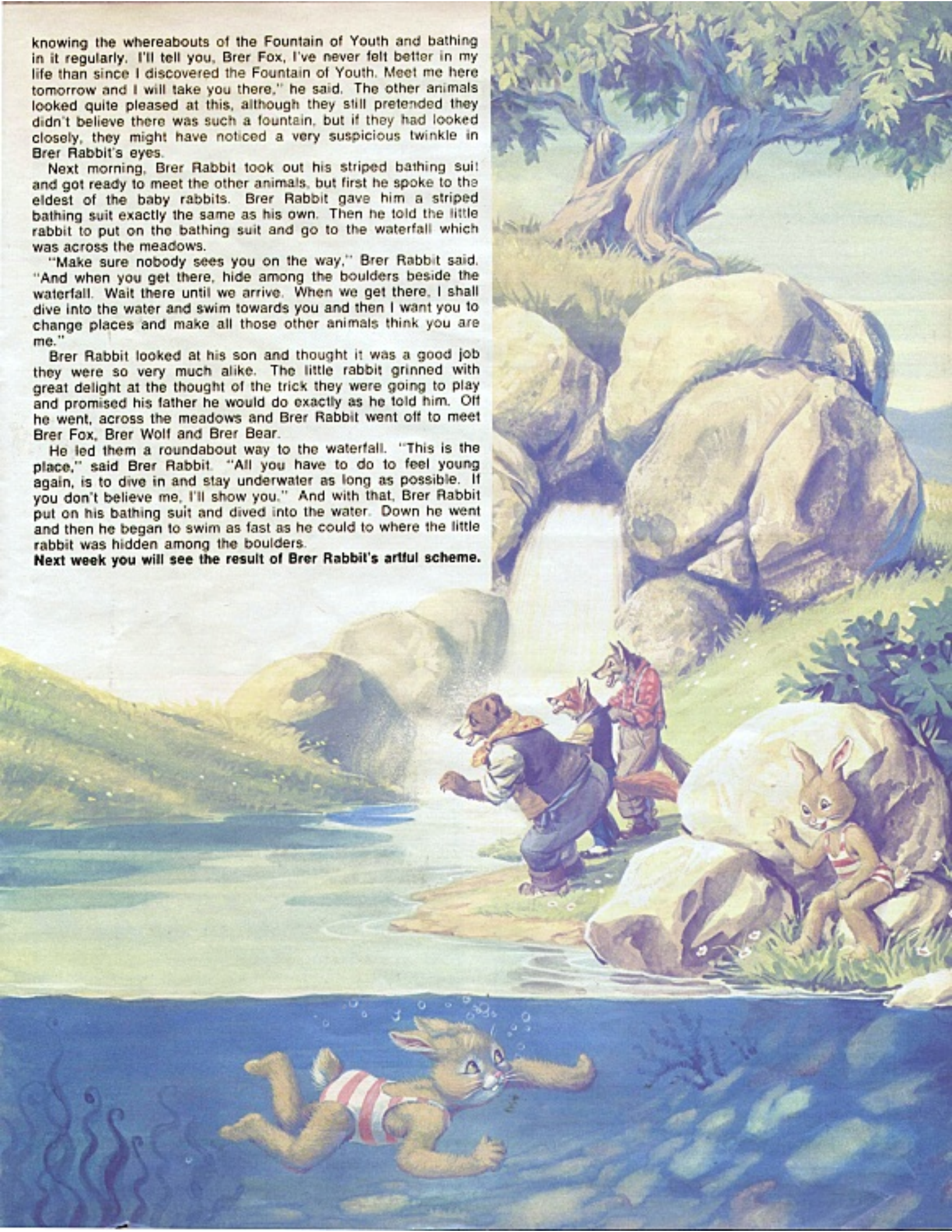
Next morning, Brer Rabbit took out his striped bathing suit and got ready to meet the other animals, but first he spoke to the eldest of the baby rabbits. Brer Rabbit gave him a striped bathing suit exactly the same as his own. Then he told the little rabbit to put on the bathing suit and go to the waterfall which was across the meadows.

"Make sure nobody sees you on the way," Brer Rabbit said. "And when you get there, hide among the boulders beside the waterfall. Wait there until we arrive. When we get there, I shall dive into the water and swim towards you and then I want you to change places and make all those other animals think you are me."

Brer Rabbit looked at his son and thought it was a good job they were so very much alike. The little rabbit grinned with great delight at the thought of the trick they were going to play and promised his father he would do exactly as he told him. Off he went, across the meadows and Brer Rabbit went off to meet Brer Fox, Brer Wolf and Brer Bear.

He led them a roundabout way to the waterfall. "This is the place," said Brer Rabbit. "All you have to do to feel young again, is to dive in and stay underwater as long as possible. If you don't believe me, I'll show you." And with that, Brer Rabbit put on his bathing suit and dived into the water. Down he went and then he began to swim as fast as he could to where the little rabbit was hidden among the boulders.

Next week you will see the result of Brer Rabbit's artful scheme.



Well, Fancy That!



The Robin Hood of Turkey. As far as we know, bows and arrows were invented by man at least 20,000 years ago. In 1798, Sultan Selim the Third of Turkey managed to send an arrow nine hundred and seventy-two yards, and no one has fired an arrow further since.



Nature's Lantern. During the fighting in Cuba in 1897, Doctor Gorgas was operating on a wounded soldier when the lamp by the operating table went out. The light given off from a bottle of fire-flies helped him to complete his task.



Our Friend the Spider. A famous naturalist once counted 2,265,000 spiders living under just one acre of English grassland. It is believed that human life would cease to exist without them—because spiders rid us of insects that eat our crops.

The Jumbo Jet

No wonder that this enormous aeroplane is called The Jumbo Jet because the word Jumbo means a large person, animal, or thing, and the Jumbo Jet—or to give it its proper name the Boeing 747—is the largest passenger aeroplane in the world. The tail is taller than a six-storey building, and the length of the plane is 227 feet 3 inches. It can fly at a speed of 600 to 625 miles per hour, and will hold 362 passengers. In some of the cabins, the seats are arranged into three columns, each column having three seats, so in one row there are nine seats. You can see such a cabin in the picture below. The first class passengers have

their own lounge, and it is similar to a lounge that you would find in a house because it contains settees, tables, and armchairs. The lounge is on the upper deck—the Jumbo has two floor levels connected by a spiral staircase. Because the Jumbo is in the sky for many hours, passengers could easily become bored—after all, you can't get off and go for a walk—but in most of the Jumbos, they can watch films during the long journey, or listen to music through earphones that are attached to every seat.

The Boeing 747 has been bought by lots of large airline companies and will be flying many world routes.



This picture of a man standing on a wing of the Boeing 747 gives you an idea of the size of one of the Jumbo jet engines.





The Star Maidens

ONCE, there was a young girl called Stella, who lived by herself in the high mountains of a distant country. Her mother and father had died when she was only twelve years old and afterwards, Stella was offered a home by an aunt and uncle who lived in a large town. Stella told them that she wished to stay in the mountains because that was the only home she had known, and having been brought up in the country, she knew that she would be unhappy in a town where there were only streets and houses to look at.

So Stella remained in the pretty little cottage that her father had built and managed to keep herself in food and clothing. Her pet goat gave her milk which she beat into butter and cheese, and her hens laid large brown eggs. The land was

kind to her also, for it gave her vegetables and fruit.

Each Monday, Stella would walk down the mountain-side, carrying the farm produce that she did not want herself, and would sell it in the market in the town at the bottom of the valley. With the money she received from selling her wares, the young girl would buy clothes and shoes and food.

This outing to the town was Stella's only link with people, and after a couple of years had passed, she began to feel very lonely. Sometimes at night, she would sit out on the mountain-side and sing a sad song to the stars. Her sweet voice would echo in the valley, filling it with wonderful sound. The pet goat and the hens would listen too and they agreed that Stella's voice was the sweetest sound that they had ever heard.

Then came the night that Stella would never forget, and yet it started in the most ordinary way. She was sitting at her usual spot on the mountain-side and wishing that she could become a star when a great light filled the sky. It grew brighter and brighter until Stella could not look up any more for fear of hurting her eyes.

She did not know it then, but the star maidens, whose job it was to light the stars, had heard her songs and had glanced at each other in dismay.

"Why, she is singing about us," they said. "But how sad she seems. Let us go down and do what we can to make her happy."

So the maidens called for a coach of shimmering starlight and a pair of graceful winged horses, and when all the maidens were ready, they drove their starry coach down to where Stella sat.

As the coach drew up by the mountain-side, the light dimmed and Stella was able to look up. When she saw the heavenly sight before her, she gasped in joyful wonder.

"Why are you so unhappy?" called the star maidens. "And what is your name?"

"My name is Stella, and I feel so lonely sometimes," she sighed. "But when I am unhappy, I sing to the stars and it cheers me up."

"We are your friends," chanted the beautiful maidens, "and we promise you that you will never be unhappy again. Climb into the coach and we will take you across the sky. It is our job to give the stars their light. Come with us and see them being lit by our magic wands."

And so Stella climbed into the sparkling coach, which then floated across the sky. More of this enchanting story next week.



The Stolen Crown



1. Once upon a time there lived a very rich King and Queen. Now the Queen had all the beautiful things her heart could desire—but the one thing she treasured most of all was a lovely gold crown studded with jewels. All day long she wore it on her head and spent much time admiring herself in a hand mirror.



2. "I feel so happy when I am wearing this crown," she said to the King. "I would be lost without it." Just as the Queen said this, a big black jackdaw came flying in through the castle window and with a loud squawk it snatched the crown in its claws and whisked it off her head. "Come back with that," said the King.



3. But the jackdaw took no notice of the royal command. It flew out through the window, heading towards a thick forest with the crown still in its claws. "Oh, I shall never see my beautiful jewelled crown again," wailed the Queen. "I know that jackdaws have the habit of stealing bright things and then hiding them."



4. The Queen was so sad and unhappy that the King at once sent out a herald with a royal proclamation. "Hear ye, good people," he called out in the squares and market-places. "The King offers a reward of fifty gold coins to whoever shall find the Queen's stolen crown, believed now to be hidden somewhere in the forest."



5. Such a reward was tempting enough to send the people hurrying to make a search—but, alas, they found nothing. After several weeks the search was given up and the Queen's crown seemed to have been lost forever. However, life had to go on, and one day the King and Queen went hunting and were soon chasing a noble deer.



6. The deer ran into a thicket on the edge of the forest but then was too tired to struggle on any farther. As it turned to face those who were hunting it, a gleaming crown now appeared on one of the deer's horns. By good fortune, the deer had crashed through a bush where the jackdaw had hidden the crown and picked it up.



7. The Queen was overjoyed when one of the huntsmen placed the crown upon her head. "This noble deer has recovered the stolen crown," said the King. "But no fifty golden coins shall be HIS reward. Rather, for all time, he and his family shall be free to run in the royal forest, never to be chased or hunted again."



8. So the King made another proclamation and that is why, to this very day, herds of deer wander safely and freely through the Royal forests. And when the Queen goes to visit them and the delightful little fawns she always wears her golden crown. In next week's *Once Upon A Time* . . . the story of *The Selfish Giant*.



Saint James's Park

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story turn to page 16 and try to answer some simple questions about it.

This lovely colour photograph shows a very well-known scene. Can you guess at first glance what the famous place is and where it can be found?

It is, in fact, a photograph taken in the heart of the great city of London and shows part of St. James's Park. This park is one of the oldest and most beautiful of London's pleasure grounds and it has a size of 93 acres.

Do you know the building in the background? It, too, is a very famous place, for it is none other than the Royal home of the Queen and is called Buckingham Palace.

Many years ago, up to the reign of King Henry the Eighth the site of St. James's Park was a dismal piece of swampy land with a leper hospital, dedicated to St. James the Less, on one side of it. The hospital fell into disuse and to replace it King Henry built himself a palace (St. James's Palace) and converted the swampy field into a deer park.

Later on, King Charles the Second changed the deer park into a garden. This in turn was altered by King George the Fourth into a delightful small park, with a lake in the middle of it, so that people could enjoy quiet walks away from the busy London streets.

The lake, which was made by joining together several ponds of water is only about four feet deep and is the home for many

kinds of waterfowl. Some of them live and breed on a small island at one end, called Duck Island. Many grown-ups and children go to see these birds and find some North American pelicans the most amusing of all.

Apart from Buckingham Palace there are several other famous London places around St. James's Park—Trafalgar Square, Horse Guards Parade and Admiralty Arch are some of them.

The lake of the park is crossed by a wooden bridge and when you walk over this you come to Birdcage Walk. You may like to know why it is called this, and the story is that Charles the Second built a large aviary at that spot and filled it with birds. The bird-cages have long since gone, but the name remains.

Malagasy (Madagascar)

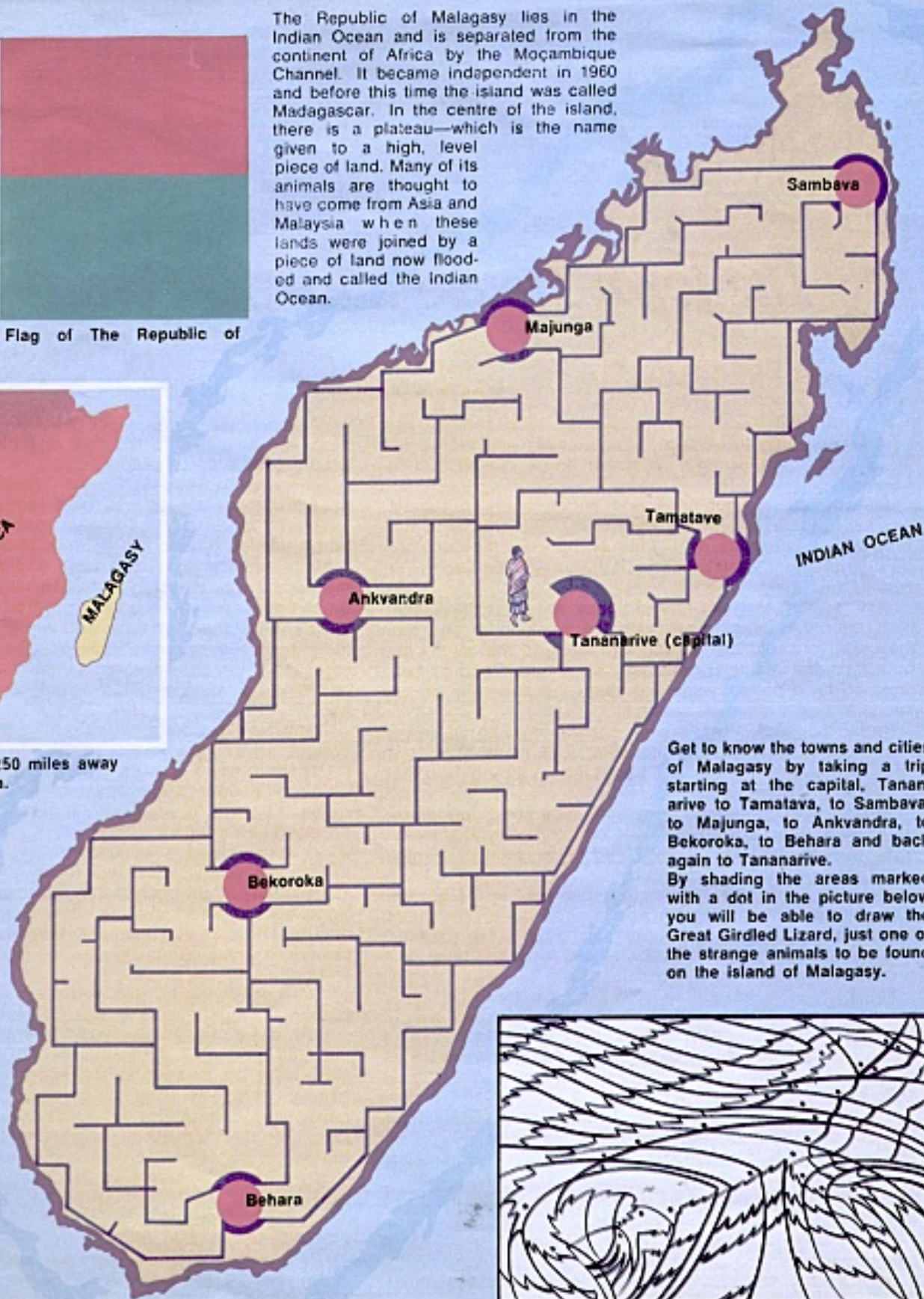


The National Flag of The Republic of Malagasy.



Malagasy lies 250 miles away from East Africa.

The Republic of Malagasy lies in the Indian Ocean and is separated from the continent of Africa by the Moçambique Channel. It became independent in 1960 and before this time the island was called Madagascar. In the centre of the island, there is a plateau—which is the name given to a high, level piece of land. Many of its animals are thought to have come from Asia and Malaysia when these lands were joined by a piece of land now flooded and called the Indian Ocean.



Get to know the towns and cities of Malagasy by taking a trip starting at the capital, Tananarive to Tamatava, to Sambava, to Majunga, to Ankvandra, to Bekoroka, to Behara and back again to Tananarive.

By shading the areas marked with a dot in the picture below you will be able to draw the Great Girdled Lizard, just one of the strange animals to be found on the island of Malagasy.





The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week: Winifred's visitors . . . part 2

WINIFRED, the country mouse, had visitors. They were three little town mice, Molly, Jimmy and Willie, who had come to stay with her for a holiday in the country.

As Winifred told her boy-friend Bertie, when he came to see her in the evening, they were really very nice, kind well-brought-up little mice, who tried as hard as they could to be helpful and it wasn't their fault that they hadn't been very successful.

Winifred had to clean lots of soapy water off the kitchen floor after they had helped with the washing-up and then they went out into the garden and watered the weeds and pulled up the plants by mistake, so Winifred had to send them off for a picnic, while she spent the afternoon putting things to rights again.

Bertie laughed. "That's what comes of living in one of them towns, Winifred, my old love. But these little town mice will learn a thing or two about the country before they go back, living with you," he said.

Next morning, when the three little mice got up bright and early, soon after dawn—for in the country everybody wakes up early—Winifred thought she had never seen more nice, clean, angelic-looking little mice.

After breakfast, she sent them out to play in the garden, while she did the housework and popped out to the shops. "They can't get up to much harm playing out in the garden," Winifred thought to herself, for she had made the little mice promise not to go out of the gate.

For a while the three little mice played bat and ball quite happily, but they soon grew tired of that and looked around for something else to do.

"Mummy said we ought to help Aunt Winifred as much as we can and we haven't helped very much this morning," said Molly.

"Well, here's an old shed," said Jimmy. "Perhaps if we look inside we'll find spades or forks or something and we can dig the garden for Aunt Winifred." In they went and the first thing they saw were pots of paint standing on a shelf.

"Ooh, look," squeaked Willie. "I bet Aunt Winifred got this paint to put on this old fence."

"Perhaps we ought to paint it for her as a surprise," said Molly.

So the three little mice set to work busily. They took down the tins of paint and found themselves paintbrushes.

"What colour shall we paint it?" asked Willie.

"I like this blue," said Molly. "I shall paint the fence blue." She took the lid off the paint and dipped in her brush.

Willie was looking at a pot of yellow paint. "I like yellow best," he squeaked. "It's nice and bright, like the sun. I shall paint the fence yellow."

Jimmy had a pot of red paint. "Red for me," he said. "I think the fence would look best red, like post boxes and telephone boxes and fire engines and things." He took the lid off the red tin and got to work at one end.

Molly had started at one edge and was working towards the middle with her blue paint and Willie had started at the other edge and was working towards the middle with his yellow paint and they both worked so hard that it was not long before they both reached the same spot. Molly splashed a big brushful of blue paint on to the fence, just as Willie splashed a big brushful of yellow on the same spot.

"Ooh, now see what you've done," squeaked Willie. "The colours are running into each other."

"That's funny," squeaked Jimmy, coming to look. "They aren't blue and yellow any more. They're a rather nice green. I wonder what would happen if I put some of my red on to Willie's yellow?"

So Jimmy tried a brushful of red and discovered that mixed with yellow, it made a lovely bright orange.

Then they stood back to see the fence properly. "Do you think Aunt Winifred will like it?" asked Molly, rather doubtfully and just at that moment, Winifred came to see what they were doing. When she saw the fence, she couldn't think of anything to say at all.

"We were trying to help, you see," Molly explained. "We thought it would save you and Bertie having to do it."

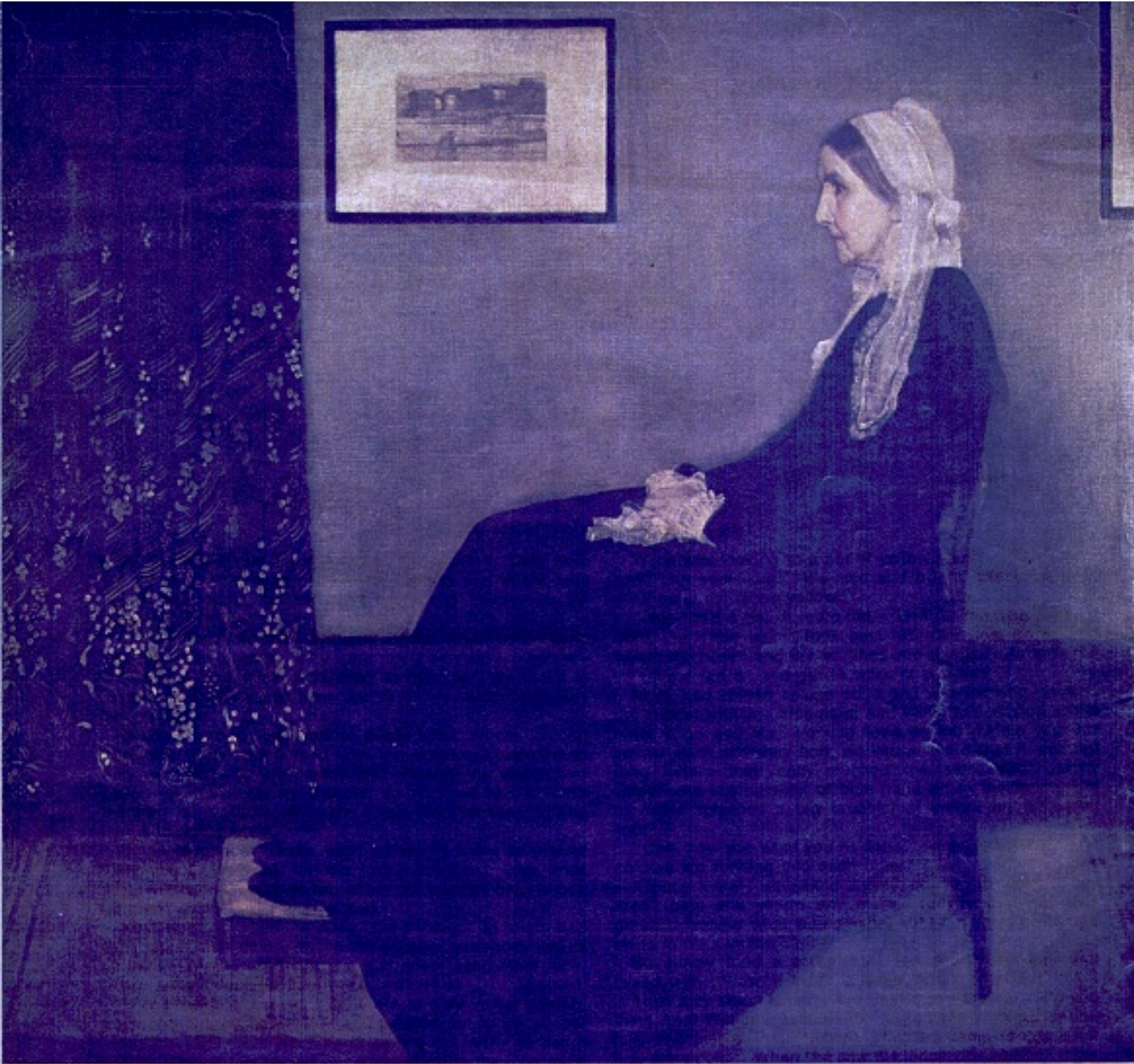
"Oh, dear," sighed Winifred. "I really think you've helped me quite enough." And she shooed them all indoors and got out the big tin bath, so that she could scrub them clean. "The paint was to paint my cottage," she told them. "But never mind, I know you were really trying to be helpful, but next time it would be much more helpful if you asked me first."

More about Winifred's helpful little visitors in next week's story.

Here are the questions from the story "St. James's Park" on page 14. See how quickly you can answer them.

1. Which King built St. James's Palace?
2. Which King changed the deer park into a garden?
3. What is the name of the island where the waterfowl breed?





Beautiful Paintings

The subject of our beautiful painting this week is an artist's mother and is called "Portrait of My Mother" by the artist, James Abbot McNeill Whistler. He was born in Lowell, Massachusetts, America in 1834 and studied art in Paris, the French capital. In 1859, Whistler left Paris and came to live in England where he stayed for the rest of his life.

The portrait of his mother is said to be

one of his finest oil paintings, and we can see from the loving detail that has gone into this picture that Whistler's mother was truly loved by her son. How proud she must have been when she saw the finished portrait.

Strange as it may seem now, this painting was turned down by the Royal Academy judges when it was sent to them in 1872, but one member of the

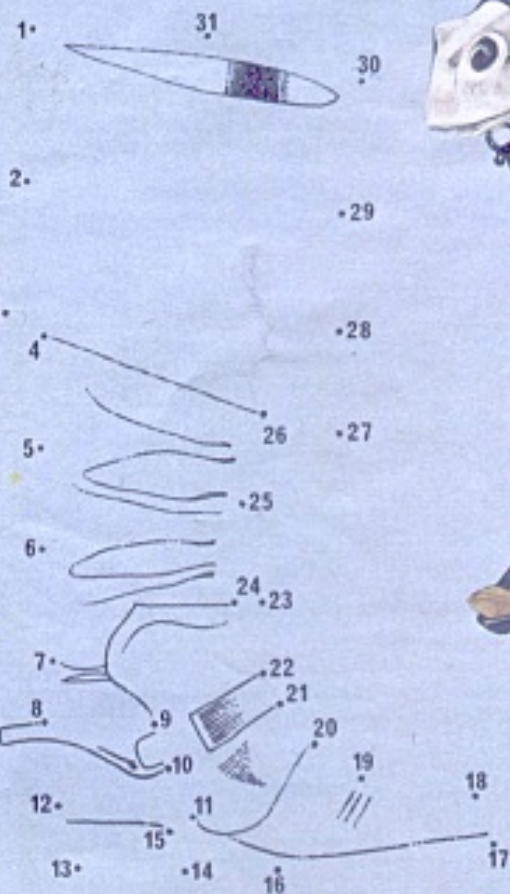
committee threatened to resign if the picture was not hung in the Academy, and the judges decided to accept it.

If you are fortunate enough to visit Paris, the French capital, you will see this lovely painting hanging in the Louvre, a building where some of the world's most valuable art treasures are to be found.

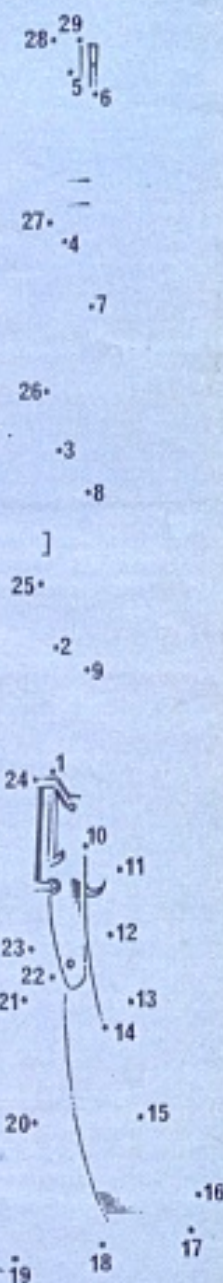
Why don't you cut out this beautiful painting? It is certainly worth keeping.

Oliver Cromwell the Protector

Not long ago, in *Once Upon A Time*, we showed you a picture of King Charles I, whose religious views led to his downfall. The people formed an army to fight against their king, and a man called Oliver Cromwell became one of its generals. After the death of King Charles I, he dismissed Parliament and became Lord Protector of England. He ruled for five years and during that time he brought about law and order, and strengthened Britain's navy. When Cromwell died, the title of Lord Protector was passed over to his son, Richard. But Richard was not such a forceful man as his father and after a while the crown of England was given back to Charles II, who reigned for many years.



The boot above is of the type that would have been worn by Oliver Cromwell and his forces. To draw the boot, join the dots from 1 to 31. The musket shown on the far side of this page is a type of gun, and many soldiers in Cromwell's army would have carried one. Join the dots from 1 to 29 to draw the musket.





The **WISE OLD OWL** Knows all the answers

The Wise Old Owl knows all the answers to some puzzling and interesting questions.



1. Which is the greatest river in Canada?

"The St. Lawrence River, which contains in its mouth and the Great Lakes more than half the fresh water in the world. Small steamers can travel up the river for more than 2,200 miles from the sea. The picture shows a passenger steamer battling against the rapids near Montreal city."



2. Where does marble come from?

"Marble is a form of very hard limestone rock and has been much used in making statues. The best marble in the world is found at Carrara (Italy) and is cut out in huge slabs."



3. How long does a tortoise live?

"It is thought that the largest of these slow-moving animals live for over 200 years. The one shown is a tortoise from Charles Island in the West Indies, but is not the biggest."



4. What does an old camera look like?

"One of the earliest cameras was made by a man called Daguerre in 1839. It produced pictures on copper plates and these became known all over the world as 'Daguerrotype' photographs."



5. Is an amphora a sort of vase?

"Yes. They were made by the ancient Greeks in all shapes and sizes, the largest being used as containers for wine and oil. Two splendid examples of ancient Greek vases are shown here."